

## 2 AM Cuddles

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## 2 AM Cuddles

by [dreamnotfound](#)

### Summary

Dream just wants to get some sleep, which isn't coming as easy as he'd like it to be.

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I'll update the title later if I come up with something I'm so tired

### Notes

two months without uploading I come back with projection

what a surprise

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

He was going to look so stupid.

God, he didn't want to do this.

Dream stumbled across the dorm's hallways, trying to get to Sapnap's.

The younger didn't have his phone on for whatever excuse he'll come up with now, and Dream couldn't sleep again.

He could never seem to fall asleep properly after he left home.

Last year was a total disaster. He couldn't sleep for several days straight, until Sapnap and him were watching a movie late at night at the raven haired boy's dorm and sleep hit him like a truck. It came naturally.

Back at his house he would cuddle with his cat, or his pillows, sometimes he'd even bust out the weighted blanket, but when he packed for college he didn't have space for the blanket, or for the extra cushions, and it wasn't possible to bring his cat along.

Dream had to hold something to sleep, something warm, preferably.

He's lucky enough that Sapnap's just as touchy as he is. There have been times last year that Dream knocked on his door and he didn't even have to ask. Sapnap would just yell at him to come in and lift his arm up from his bed.

This year though, Sapnap has a roommate.

And Dream hasn't shown up at 2 am for late night cuddles once.

This is why Dream was dreading going in.

George, Sapnap and Dream fit together like puzzle pieces. George walked into Sapnap and his shared dorm while Dream was helping Sapnap unpack, and they just hit it off. It's as if George had been with them all along.

But it still doesn't change the fact that he has known George for 2 months and Sapnap for 7 years.

Dream didn't want to weird George out.

Or give him the wrong idea, like Sapnap and him were dating.

It'd be ironic when Dream actually has the slightest crush on his best friend's roommate.

When he told Sapnap over lunch one faithful day, he couldn't stop laughing.

"I called it!" He yelled.

He apparently made a bet with Bad for how long it would take for Dream to start crushing on George.

It took him two weeks, Bad's bet was at least a month.

When Dream asked him his reasoning his response was fairly easy.

"Well Dream, as your certified best friend, I have quite the hunch for who your type is. George fits all these criteria. I saw the way you looked at him when he first walked in."

Dream sputtered in response, questioning whether he was really that obvious or not.

Anyway, Dream is pacing in front of Sapnap's dorm room, running on two hours of sleep in two days.

He wasn't doing to well.

His pacing continued, an internal debate of whether he should head back to his dorm room and wait until he passes out of exhaustion, or if he should gather up the courage to knock on this godforsaken door.

He knocks.

A few seconds pass, no reply.

He knocks again.

No reply.

He tries the door, hoping it's unlocked, like it always was last year.

He's lucky, it is.

With soft thuds of his shoes he makes his way into the dorm as quiet as possible, surprised to see a faint glow coming from George's bed.

"Oh shit- sorry-" Dream muttered out when he saw Sapnap's bed empty.

He didn't realise Sapnap wasn't going to be there that night.

"Dream?" George's voice is quiet and less shriek-y than usual, it's charmin in a way.

"Yea, sorry, was here for Sap. Didn't realise he wasn't here. My bad."

George let out a huff of a laugh. "Don't worry about it. You wanna come in? I wouldn't mind."

"Alright." Dream shrugged and closed the door behind him. It closes with a soft thud.

George turns on the light on his bedside table and sits up straight instead of laying down. "What brings you here at these hours?" He pats on his bed as a sign for Dream to sit next to him.

Dream shrugs again while he makes his way across the room. "'S stupid."

"Considering its you, of course it's stupid. All of your reasoning is stupid."

Dream let out a weak huff of a laugh, he's too tired to laugh or respond properly.

"Have you been sleeping alright? Don't get me wrong, but you look like you haven't." There is genuine concern in George's voice now, the soft humming of his voice works soothing for Dream.

"'S why I was looking for Sapnap."

"I doubt Sapnap has any valuable advice on how to go to bed properly. The guy starts his assignments that are due at 8 am at 5 in the morning. It's hell sharing a room with him." George ranted.

Another huff-laugh escapes Dream. "'S just because you work until 4 am." he slurs. "And I'll have you know that Sapnap can give some mad cuddles."

It's out of his mouth before he knows it, but George doesn't even flinch.

"Oh right, he told me about that. He said he finds it weird that you stopped visiting him at night.

Quite ironic that he told me yesterday, and the one day he isn't here, you show up." the British boy explains.

"Yea. Unlucky." Dream sighs.

George hums in response.

"Is there anything I can do to help you? I sort of know how annoying it is that you're not able to sleep. I've been in bed since 10 PM, but no luck."

Dream's words are starting to get more and more slurred. "Put down the phone, then."

George chuckles. "I probably should."

He lays down his phone next to his lamp. All of his items are some variation of light blue and white.

It looks cool.

A bit of time passes, and Dream is drifting in and out of consciousness.

Every few seconds his head lulls to the side and snaps back to where it was before.

It was quite painful to watch.

George clears his throat and speaks up. "Uh, if you- I can't promise I'm as good as Sapnap but I can offer some cuddles? Im not a big hug guy but- yeah."

Brown eyes stare at him while his head is tilted to the side softly.

Dream gives him a soft smile in return. "Thanks."

Both of them get under George's blue striped bedsheets.

"I'll do the cuddling part, just relax." Dream coos.

George hums again, Dream's arms wrapping around him and pulling him close. Both boys are laying on their side, backs against the wall the bed is pushed against.

Dream's back presses into the wall and George's back is pressed into Dream's front, long arms hugging around him.

Without completely realising what he's doing, George takes one of Dream's hands and intertwine their fingers.

Dream smiles against his neck.

Good.

George strokes his thumb across the back of Dream's hand in circles, a soothing motion Dream's other hand repeats over the smaller a boy stomach.

George is glad he's wearing a shirt, the sensation would set his skin on fire.

A few little shifts and twists and both boys lay in comfortable positions. Dream's breath finally evened out, soft snores escaping the taller one.

Mission accomplished, George smiles to himself as he drifts off to sleep too.

## End Notes

Sapnap was definitely in Karl's dorm but anyway

leave likes n kudos TYSM :)

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